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# CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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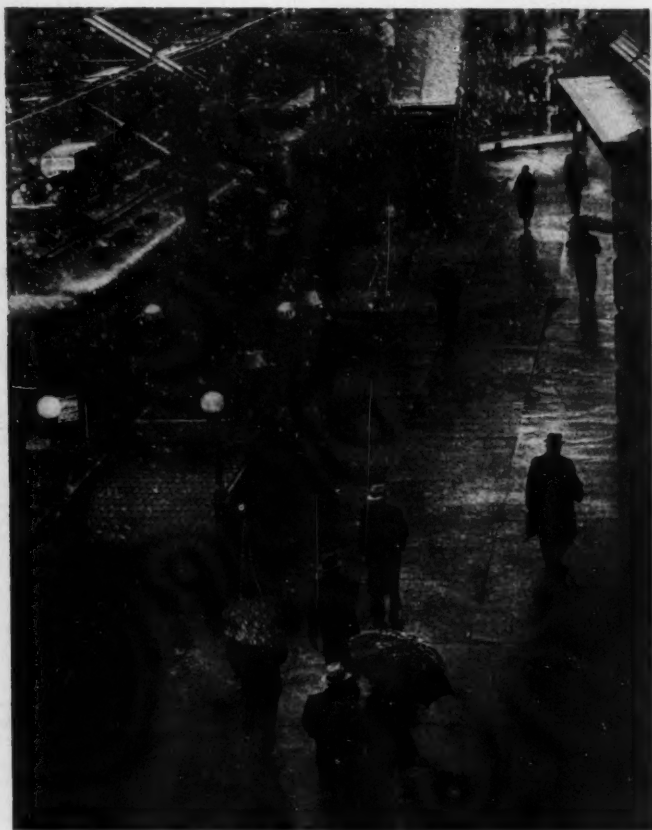
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VOLUME XII    PITTSBURGH, PA., MARCH 1939    NUMBER 10

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## BLEAK MOMENT

By ROY PINNEY

Twenty-sixth Annual Exhibition of Photographic Art

(See Page 308)

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

### THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XII NUMBER 10

MARCH 1939

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

—JULIUS CAESAR

—33—

#### HOURS OF ADMISSION—ALWAYS FREE

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—34—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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### "MEIN KAMPF"

THE ACADEMY OF THE NEW CHURCH  
BRYN ATHYN, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

In your admirable article "The Mind of Adolf Hitler," you state that Hitler has tried to "obliterate" his "Mein Kampf." From all that I have read, it has been strongly impressed on me that he was pushing the sale of this work. I write, therefore, to ask you whether you had anything particular in mind when you spoke of his desire to obliterate it.

—ALFRED ACTON, D. Th., Dean

Last summer, while on vacation, the Editor asked for a copy of this book at the local bookstore, but was informed by the salesman that the American edition had been recalled and that he understood the book had been suppressed in this country by its author. It was this confusion that led the writer of that review, "The Mind of Adolf Hitler," after having borrowed another copy, to say that Mr. Hitler had tried to obliterate his book. The statement was an error, and it is learned that the book is now being sold from two different publishing editions in this country, and is said to be selling second only to the Bible throughout Germany.

#### WORDS AND SPELLINGS

The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE long ago adopted the word o'clock without the useless apostrophe in o'clock, and this spelling is taking hold in general practice. It uses Webster's preference in theater instead of theatre; and observes that form in all kindred words—somber, timber (for voice) macaber, fiber, and specter, all of which are antiquated and outmoded when spelled with the reversed r for er. It has introduced the word readership into the language to signify the mass of readers of a magazine or newspaper, although this has not yet crept into Webster. When it refers to the king's retinue, it prefers to pronounce it with the musical sound—re-tin'-ue—as given to it by Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, and as recognized by Webster, discarding re'-ti-nue whereby we swallow the word without hearing its majestic rhythm. It would like to take one other step and spell read in its past tense red. When we stumble on read, we are never sure until we read the context whether the present or the past is meant. "I read your letter with tears." Are we telling him that we are still dwelling on the letter, or that we read it with tears and have now put it aside in order to reply to it? He never knows. We lead the horse; we led the horse. We bleed the patient; we bled the patient. We feed the child; we fed the child. Why not, we read your letter as we sit here by the fire; we red your letter last night? We should like to have the opinion of our readers. Shall we try it?

#### THE ART OF SPEECH

The conscious utterance of thought, by speech or action, to any end, is art.

—EMERSON

# THE WALRUS HUNT

BY ARTHUR C. TWOMEY

*Assistant and Field Collector, Section of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum*



In the **CARNEGIE MAGAZINE** for January, J. Kenneth Doubt has told part of the story of the Carnegie Museum Expedition to Hudson Bay, and, in this issue, I am taking up the narrative of the trip where he

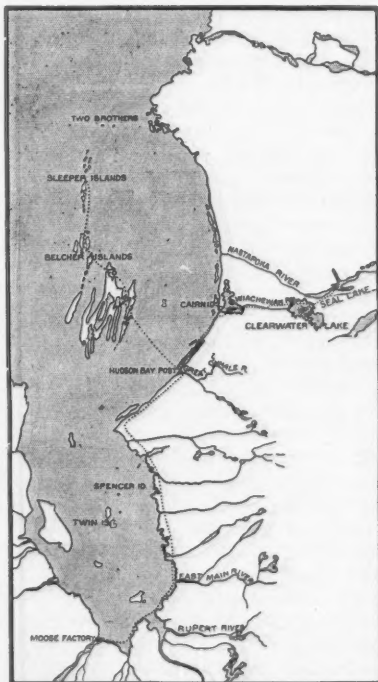
the end of the harpoon line to keep it afloat until the stricken walrus can be hauled in.

These primitive people, dressed in sealskin and eider-duck parkas, invited us into their tupeks, or tents. Lukasee withdrew an old fiddle from its home-made sealskin case and tuned it by turning the keys with his teeth. But before he began to play the familiar "Jesus Loves Me," he courteously offered it to us. Kenora, another Eskimo, proudly demonstrated a rickety old graphophone, while others entertained with

left it, with an account of our hunting expeditions for polar bears and walrus.

One of the objects of the expedition to the Belcher Islands was to collect walrus for exhibition in the Museum. Until the arrival of the trim little motor boat *Dorothy*, chartered from the Hudson's Bay Company by Lawrence Woods and Colonel Paul C. Hunt, we had no means of hunting the animals, which supposedly lived on the long chain of uncharted islands north of the Belchers. When the *Dorothy* arrived, with our wives, Mr. and Mrs. Woods, and Colonel Hunt on board, everything was set for a walrus hunt. Not only had these two men chartered the boat, but by financial aid and encouragement, and by interesting other friends of the Museum in the expedition, they made this part of the trip possible.

On August 16 we sailed out of Omarsuk Sound, with Lukasee, our Eskimo guide, at the wheel. Curious young seals bobbed up here and there to look at this strange motor-driven intruder. At Eskimo Harbor the natives lined along the shore, eager to shake hands and to greet us with cheery "chimos." Kutuk, one of the best walrus-hunters among these Eskimos, hurried about making ready the harpoons, and inflating the sealskins that are used on



ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION



KAYAK AT ESKIMO HARBOR

clever bone games they had invented.

As the sun dipped below the western horizon, we turned reluctantly toward the Dorothy, which lay at anchor in the sheltered inlet. Moonlight flooded the water, causing the bits of phosphorus to sparkle like the jewels of the great Moguls of India. Northern lights fell in curtains from the very zenith of the heavens, flashing out across the sky in long, filmy streamers that appeared and vanished at frequent intervals.

The next morning we continued our northward course, making a brief stop at a small Eskimo encampment at the north end of Johnson Island. The Eskimos here were the most primitive we had yet encountered; in fact, they had seen few white men and no white women, so that our wives proved to be curiosities. Their clothing was also made of the skins of the seal and eider duck, their unruly hair had never been exposed to a comb, nor had they a speaking acquaintance with soap. They lived in low tupeks constructed of sod rather than canvas, and cod heads as well as the re-

mains of seal and walrus were evidence of their daily repast.

That evening we anchored in a little bottle-shaped harbor at the north end of the Island. We went ashore to explore this remote, rocky land, worn smooth by glaciers, and found that fireweed, cotton grass, dwarf willow, and a few lichens grew in the more sheltered places where a little sod had been left. As we walked across the Island, snowbirds and purple sandpipers flew ahead of us. Back on the

boat, our guides assured us that we would see walrus on the morrow.

We made an early start on the morning of August 18. Our course to the Sleeper Islands, which lie off the main Belcher group, led us almost due north-east. As we sped past the numerous reefs, a peculiar spray suddenly loomed up ahead. Kutuk shouted, "Ivik, Ivik!" The Eskimos hurriedly began to blow up the sealskin bladders and get the heavy harpoons ready. The engineer put the big motor in high. The herd of walrus, consisting of two medium-



WALRUS HARPOONING—READY TO THROW



EVERYBODY AT WORK HAULING IN THE WALRUS

sized bulls and three cows, were soon overtaken, and a desirable specimen was selected for our group. Lukasee threw a harpoon, but the Eskimo had failed to sharpen the spearhead, and the dull point could not penetrate the heavy, leathery hide. A second, however, sank deeply, and the animal was quickly dispatched by a shot from a rifle. Later in the afternoon we got another specimen. That night, as we dropped anchor in the only harbor on the North Sleepers, we could hear the elephantlike grunts and bellows of walrus.

Hardly a breath of wind disturbed the placid waters as the Dorothy moved out of the little harbor the next morning. A low, rocky island could be seen in the distance, with one or two massive walrus heads silhouetted against the sky. As the boat drew nearer, the whole island seemed to move, at first slowly, then becoming a seething mass of bulky, brown forms that slipped into the sea. Moving forward into the midst of the great herd, we could see that the water was fairly alive with walrus. Bulls bellowed and coughed; cows and calves dived and rushed away from the stern of the boat. Our animals were carefully selected, and, as Kutuk

deftly threw his harpoon, our prey was soon secured. Inflated sealskins marked the position of our specimens, and in an unbelievably short time, we had killed our entire group of walrus. Black water ahead warned us that a wind was rising. We swung about and quickly picked up the lines to haul in the animals, while the Dorothy made for the little harbor.

With a block and tackle, the huge animals were dragged ashore from the water to be skinned. Though it was bitterly cold, Lukasee and Kutuk rolled up their sleeves to the elbows and began stripping the skins from the massive carcasses with their long, sharp knives. Then they cut great chunks of meat from the bones, for summer hunting had been poor in the little settlement whence these men came, and their families were badly in need of additional food.

Before leaving for Eskimo Harbor, we decided, as a last thrill, to run over to the Walrus Rock to see if the great herd had again gathered. This time we hunted only with our cameras. As we approached, the island again became alive; there was the same wild, rolling stampede. Over all hung the pungent odor of the herd. In an attempt to get out of our way, the animals separated





ESKIMO WOMEN PREPARING THE WALRUS HIDE

into groups; calves frantically climbed upon their mothers' backs, and the bulls roared forth their challenges, which also served to unify the fleeing groups. At times they looked like torpedos with ponderous flippers propelling them along underneath the surface of the clear, salty water. Within a short time many of them were running for the open sea or seeking the shelter of the shoals as they fled from the intruding boat. Soon only an occasional black head and a sheet of white spray were visible as we nosed about toward the South. We got all the pictures we wished, so we started back down the coast.

The two Eskimos took turns at the wheel. No chart or compass was necessary to guide them past the many islands along our course. At Eskimo Harbor the whole settlement was on shore to greet us, awaiting their portion of the kill. Meals were hastily prepared, and the large juicy steaks, eaten raw or barely dipped into boiling water, tasted good to all of us, hungry as we were.

The Eskimo women now began their part of the work on the walrus skins. Using oodaloos, efficient little knives

shaped like a half moon, they pared the immense skins down to about a quarter of an inch in thickness, then spread them over smooth-worn rock and scrubbed them with brushes and yellow soap until they were clean and free from grease.

In the meantime the men of the village had gathered dry moss to stuff and dry the skins. One man crawled inside the mammoth, damp hides and packed the moss in as it was passed to him. Soon the pelts took on the appearance of grotesque, inflated balloons. The work of the Eskimos was now finished. It was our responsibility to see that the specimens safely reached the Carnegie Museum, to be mounted for exhibition.

We bade goodby to our friends who had so diligently aided us in our quest. Although we appreciated their help, we felt a thrill to know that we were starting on our homeward journey.

By late afternoon we were entering Omarolluk Harbor, in front of the Belcher Islands post buildings. Our stay there was brief, for Captain Robbi, the skipper, was eager to get his boat safely across to the mainland before bad weather made traveling impossible.

At daybreak we left Bob Cruickshank,

manager of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Belcher Islands, and by ten o'clock were skirting the southern end of the islands. Meeko, the Eskimo pilot, soon had the boat clear of the Belchers and out in the open sea, and, as we sailed along, he sang softly in his own language. He was singing a prayer, a prayer to the great God of the universe to speak to the wind and the waves, to keep them quiet during our crossing, for a heavy sea had begun to toss the little craft about. Gradually, the low, rocky headlands vanished below the western horizon, and the high mainland hills appeared. Before nightfall we entered the mouth of Great Whale River and docked at the Hudson's Bay Company pier. How good it seemed to be back in a country where there were trees! And how different the little post looked in its summer setting.

Progress down the coast from Great Whale River was fairly rapid. At Seal River we anchored the Dorothy and paddled up to the third rapids of a virgin river where unparalleled trout fishing had been reported. There we found that the reports had not been exaggerated. The fish barely waited for the fly to touch the water before several of the big fellows were vying with one another to get on the line. But our fun was short-lived, for a sixty-mile gale descended upon us with lightning



BELCHER ISLAND ESKIMOS

rapidity. We started back, but it was impossible to bring the little dory down the river. The wind was so strong that it was with great difficulty that we reached the little trading post of George Papp, which, fortunately for us, was located on the point. There a warm fire dried our soaked clothing while the storm raged outside. It was not until morning that the rain and wind had subsided enough for us to reach the Dorothy.

At Fort George we were delayed again for three days because of heavy storms. On the fourth day the wind died down, and we started out toward the southwest for the Twin Islands, hoping that we might be fortunate enough to see and collect several polar bears for the Museum. By noon, Spencer Island—not more than two miles long and about a mile wide—



ESKIMO MEN WITH KAYAK

appeared. The island sloped gently from the shoals on its northern shore to a high and abrupt cliff that dropped off suddenly into the sea on the southern edge. Before the boat reached the shore, a large white polar bear scampered off over the ridge as fast as he could travel. We altered our course and swung about to the south shore, where to our surprise, a big female and her two cubs spied us, paused, then galloped wildly over the hill. The old bear would stop and rise up on her hind legs to get a better view of this strange intruder; but when the two cubs tried to follow her example, the mother bear would cuff them soundly.

We went ashore and split the party, Mr. Woods and Mr. Doust going on one side of the Island, while Colonel Hunt and I went off on the opposite side. From the sandy beach we climbed up over the steep moss-covered slope where we found fresh bear beds—dish-shaped hollows that pitted the hillside. From the number of these beds we were not too surprised to come upon a bear sound asleep. We approached from behind a ridge to within twenty-five yards of the bear. As we watched from above, he raised his head, took a casual glance around, yawned, and then flopped back into a light sleep. The whir of the movie camera suddenly caught his attention and a very excited bear leaped to his feet and dashed for the water below. By this time the female and the cubs had made their way across the island. They trotted by us, the mother bear herding her two cubs ahead until she reached the water's edge. There, with her offspring, she plunged into the sea. And now we feel capable of saying that we have settled that age-old problem that has been baffling scientists and laymen alike for these many years, "What was it that the bear went over the mountain to see?" Our answer is, "The bear went over the mountain to sea!" And the sea, taking them in its friendly arms, hid them from our view.

Boarding our ship again, we set sail, expecting to make the South Twin Is-

land by nightfall. The sun was beginning to color the sky with a rich coppery tint by the time we reached Walter's Island, a mere dot on the map. As we approached the Island, we could see three huge white forms that first appeared to be rocks. But rocks do not move and we knew that they must be polar bears. They were quietly feeding on the bearberries and blueberries that covered the southern slope.

The dory was lowered over the side and five of us clambered into it. On shore, huge tracks in the sand were evidence of the noble inhabitant, the king of the north—the polar bear. We approached within rifle range and the guns of Colonel Hunt and Mr. Woods quickly dispatched two of the animals. We hurriedly dragged the large carcasses out to the dory and soon had them hanging along the sides of the ship.

That night we anchored in the only harbor on the Twin Islands, and the next morning Robbi took the quickest route for Moose Factory, reaching Charlton Island in the early evening. We stopped for an hour or so to explore the southern tip of the Island, but Robbi was eager to keep on, for we were just about a ten-hour run from Moose Factory, and if a storm should descend upon us now, it might detain us for a week or more right here within a stone's throw of our destination. And so, by the light of a full moon, Robbi steered the Dorothy through the night. At about four the next morning we idled just outside the Moose River until we had the tide with us. Then, on the flood, the little ship nosed her way up the six-mile stretch of water to her home pier. The water was like glass, there was not a breath of air, nor a cloud in the sky. Off to the south, on the left bank, the little settlement of Moosonee nestled in the deep greens of the forest. How different it looked now compared to that January morning when our plane lifted from the frozen surface of this same river. We were back again, our objective attained, and were prepared to start for home.



## PRESENTING LAUREN FORD

By JOHN O'CONNOR JR.

*Assistant Director, Department of Fine Arts*

IN commenting on the important part played by the frame of a painting, it is said that it is the boundary line between the everyday world and the artist's world. When he invites you into his world, he asks you to halt at the frame and to pause long enough to leave all your cares, preoccupations, preconceptions, and prejudices behind you. Then you are prepared to enter his realm just inside the frame. There are, of course, in these days, so many artists offering "slices of life," that there is little need to make the transfer from this workaday world to the artist's world, for both are very much the same.

In the case of Lauren Ford, the function of the frame, even though it may be but a thin strip of wood, is to prepare one to cross the threshold into the artist's world of faith, simplicity, childhood, and imagination. Her work raises anew the question as to the office of the artist in society. Lauren Ford has an answer. It is given in unmistakable terms in all her work.

For one thing, in many of her pictures she has transferred the Holy Family from Judea of old to present-day New England. Her own farm is, appropriately, near the town of Bethlehem, Connecticut, and there,

in her paintings, amid the barns, silos, pumps, rail fences, and cattle, Jesus and Mary and Joseph live and work. She has all the precedent in the world for this, for did not the artists of the ages of faith portray the Son of God as though he lived in their own town and times? These paintings recall the verse by Alice Meynell:

With this ambiguous earth,  
His dealings have been told us. These abide:  
The signal to a maid, the human birth,  
The lesson, and the young man crucified.

If painting in the ages of faith was used to convey the sacred story to the poor and unlettered, Lauren Ford holds that there is a need today to tell the story to the modern world so that now the poor in faith and the proud in knowledge may understand and become as the

little children she portrays so lovingly.

In looking at her paintings, it is possible to relax, to forget the discussions one has heard about schools of art and technique, and to enter with her into the enjoyment of her work. It is not that it is all so simple and child-like. Her paintings may be filled with details, as when she presents an interior. No item in a room—the carpet, furniture, wallpaper, orna-



CHEMIN DE FER DU MIDI  
Lent by Mrs. Julia Ellsworth Ford

ments, or hangings—is neglected, and yet she arranges and organizes the accessories into a well-thought-through design. A landscape may include the whole countryside, as in "The Country Doctor," but it is made up of small patterns which, joined to other patterns, make a pleasing composition. And through all these paintings shine the humanity of the artist and her blessed sense of humor.

Lauren Ford's paintings are not unfamiliar to Pittsburghers, but they have always wanted to see more of them. The present exhibition will satisfy that desire, for it is the most comprehensive showing of her work that has ever been undertaken, including as it does her most important paintings, drawings, and etchings. In the 1934 Carnegie International she showed the painting, "Vision of the Innocents," which, in the faith and beauty of its conception, its appropriate and delicate color scheme, and its unique approach, won a special place for the artist. In the 1935 International she showed "Paradis Terrestre," which may be seen in the present exhibition. In 1936 "Winter" was her representation, in 1937 "Country Doctor," and in 1938 "No More Room at the Inn." Three of these paintings were sold out of the International, and the other two were purchased sometime after they had been shown here.

Julia Lauren Ford was born in New York City in 1891. Her mother is Julia Ellsworth Ford, the author of many books and plays for children and the donor of the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation and Annual Contest for Encouraging Literature for the Young. Her father was Simeon Ford,

the owner of the Grand Union Hotel, a famous wit, and a popular public speaker. Her mother is authority for the statement that Lauren Ford began to draw when she was four years of age. She was a pupil of George Bridgman and Frank V. du Mond. Her work is represented in the Metropolitan Museum, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and The Art Institute of Chicago.

Apart from her paintings of religious subjects are those that have to do with child life, miniature landscapes, and things remembered, such as "Chemin de Fer du Midi," "Nice Pussy," "Choir Practice," and "Field of Flowers." In these paintings she displays her understanding and sympathy for childhood. She is able to enter into the child's world and present it with its romance, fancies, dreams, and imaginings. Her people and children live in the country or small towns, far from the strenuous life of industrial centers. She is a keen observer, a careful draftsman, and proficient in the handling of her colors. No element in her work is neglected or hurried. There is an intimacy and personal quality to her painting that marks her as distinctive in American art.

The exhibition, on the Balcony of Sculpture Hall, closes April 30.



THE HOLY FAMILY (I)

Lent by Mrs. Jeoffrey Stone

## CARNEGIE LIBRARY'S "HOW TO" BOOKS

By VICTOR C. SHOWERS

*Assistant, Reference Department, Carnegie Library*



If you want to know how to be or do something, Carnegie Library has a book designed to solve your problem. The Library's catalogue now lists over six hundred titles beginning with the words "How to,"

and in glancing over the list, one quickly discovers that Dale Carnegie was simply being modest when he advertised his recipe for how to win friends and influence people.

The very first book on the list, which is alphabetically arranged, tells "How to Abolish Poverty and Unemployment." But that, of course, is comparatively simple. Further down the list we find the solutions to more ambitious problems. One book tells "How to Make a Ghost Walk." Another explains "How to Run a War." Still others make easy such seemingly impossible tasks as "How to Study in College," "How to Turn People into Gold," and "How to Understand Philosophy."

One book in the catalogue promises to answer two very practical problems, thus giving double value. It is called "How to Become Your Own Landlord without Cost, Also How to Ride Free in Street Cars." The librarian informs us that this book is constantly in use.

Many of the "How to" books are concerned with economic success, but it is not necessary to read all of them. There are, for instance, books on "How to Get the Job You Want," "How to Get a Position and How to Keep It," and "How to Finance the Building of a Little Home." For these you may, if you

are indolent, substitute the titles "How to Raise Money," "How to Collect Money by Mail," and "How to Get Rich without Working."

After you have acquired a sizable fortune in this way, you will want to read "How to Keep Your Money and Make It Earn More," and also "How to Spend Your Money." If, however, it earns more, faster than you can spend it, Carnegie Library will still come to your aid. There is another book on the list called "How to Lose Your Money Prudently."

With the economic problem disposed of, we can turn our attention to less mundane matters. Perhaps you would like to "attract and hold an audience," "be a hermit," "develop your personality," "enjoy the starry sky," or "know the butterflies." There is a book in the Library telling you "How to."

If you are having marital difficulties, you will be interested in "How to Keep the Reno Wolf away from Your Door." If you have the urge for achievement, you can learn how to build anything from a tennis court to mental power, and run anything from a lathe to a small dance band, simply by choosing the proper "How to" book. If you want recreation, on the other hand, you can learn "How to" play the harp . . . the outfield . . . or the stock market.

Turning from birth to death, we find titles of interest to both the practical-minded and the romantic. The former may peruse to their advantage the volume called "How to Make Your Will," while the latter are learning, from a very different sort of book, "How to Die for Love." And just in case you have any trouble finding the particular "How to" book that you want, the Library invites you to read "How to Use the Library."

# THE B. PRESTON CLARK BEQUEST

*An Important Collection Comes to the Carnegie Institute*

BY ANDREY AVINOFF

*Director, Carnegie Museum*

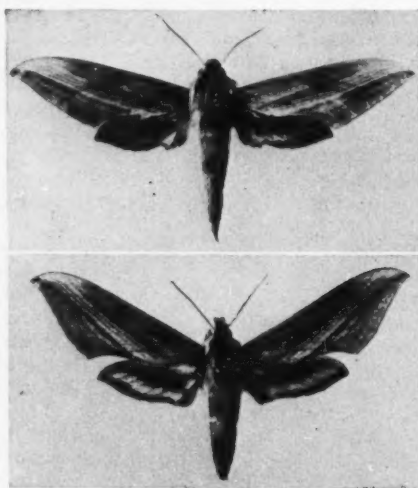
WITH the death of B. Preston Clark, the Carnegie Museum has lost a devoted friend and patron. He has left, however, a permanent memorial in bequeathing to the Museum his great collection of hawk moths, which is by far the most complete representation of this extensive group of insects, lacking, as it does, only about fifty forms out of some sixteen hundred known to science from all the countries of the world. These missing forms are mostly unique types—forms known only by the solitary individuals on which the descriptions are based. No other museum or private collector in the world has such a rich assemblage of sphingids, as they are called in scientific nomenclature. This designation of sphinx is derived from a peculiar posture of the caterpillar of these moths resembling somewhat the familiar pose of their prototype in Egyptian sculpture. On the other hand, the name hawk moth alludes to certain traits of the mature insect. For instance, the bulging eyes suggest somewhat the aspect of a bird of prey.

The whole Clark Collection numbers about thirty-four thousand specimens, of which over thirty thousand were on deposit

for some years in the Carnegie Museum. The main collection, containing all the hundreds of types and unique specimens, arrived at the Museum recently and will stay forever as a lasting monument to the devotion, perseverance, untiring efforts, and erudition of a remarkable man who succeeded during his lifetime in carrying out an ambitious scientific purpose. The story of the formation of this collection is in itself of genuine human interest.

Mr. Clark was a man of diversified preoccupations and responsibilities. After graduating at Amherst in 1881, he entered a business career that culminated in active associations with a number of industrial, financial, and civic enterprises. He was president of the Plymouth Cordage Company, head of a firm bearing his own name, and vice

president both of the United States Smelting Company and the Guggenheim interests. He also took close to his heart philanthropic and humanitarian purposes such as the Lincoln House, and The Newsboys Reading Room Association; he was a trustee and president of the Cambridge Theological Seminary, treasurer of the Massachusetts Bible Society, and a trustee of



(TOP) XYLOPHANES JOSEPHINAE CLARK  
(BOTTOM) XYLOPHANES KATHARINAE CLARK



B. PRESTON CLARK

the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital. He held the office of Consul of Haiti in the City of Boston and acted in various other capacities in the field of public endeavor.

In his abundant and purposeful life, however, one of his greatest joys was derived from the pursuit of entomological studies. Always possessing the tastes of a field naturalist and a sense of keen observation, he became interested in sphingids some thirty years ago, and in this span of time the collection grew to astounding proportions. He did not spare any means to cover thoroughly his chosen group: he engaged special collectors in different parts of the world, he kept in touch with numerous correspondents everywhere on the globe, and he exchanged with all the leading museums and specialists. At times he acquired whole collections especially rich in the representation of desired forms—among the foremost of these purchases being the complete collection formed by the great French entomologist, Charles Oberthür, comprising over twenty thousand sphingids accumu-

lated during a period of half a century, and in its own turn embodying other celebrated collections. Furthermore, the collection of Mell, with a magnificent series of oriental forms, was acquired by Mr. Clark, as well as that of Huwe and others. Valuable material was also obtained through his contact with the National Museum in Washington, the British Museum, the Tring Museum of Lord Rothschild, the Hill Museum of J. J. Joicey, and other institutions of the highest scientific standards. The entomological firm of Staudinger and Bang-Haas, and such active collectors in remote regions as Herman Höne in China, supplied him with all available novelties and choice rarities. The eminent authority on sphingids, Dr. Karl Jordan of Tring, was a frequent and willing consultant of Mr. Clark, lending the benefit of his vast knowledge to the solution of difficult systematic questions that arose at times. Dr. W. J. Holland, a lifelong friend of Mr. Clark, was also always ready to discuss with him occasional cases of identification. The collector's com-



petence and keen judgment in matters pertaining to his favorite sphingids were exceptional, and the annals of this branch of natural history were enriched by some two hundred and sixty new descriptions, the majority of these forms remaining unique in the Clark Collection. He named one of these new hawk moths in honor of Mrs. Clark, who never failed to accord every interest and encouragement to the endeavor of her distinguished husband; another was dedicated to his daughter, Mrs. Katharine Clark Harding. The figures of these two moths are reproduced on these pages.

With amazing promptness and meticulous accuracy, Mr. Clark kept an up-to-date record of the sphingids represented in his collection as compared with data in current literature, and marked all missing forms. His voluminous correspondence and tabulations, which came into the possession of the Carnegie Museum together with the collection and entomological books, colored drawings, rare and missing forms, and other material, testify to the systematic, thorough, and efficient way in which he carried on his life's labor of love. When the University of Pittsburgh, in recognition of his erudition and singleness of scientific purpose, bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Science, it was mentioned that since the time of King Oedipus no one had ever probed deeper into "the riddle of the Sphinx." The Carnegie Museum was privileged to have his name on the roster of its staff as Honorary Curator of Lepidoptera.

Shunning every form of ostentation, Mr. Clark carried his great knowledge lightly and unassumingly. Sometimes he used to say facetiously that "a man who takes himself too seriously will never be taken seriously by others." He was dearly beloved and revered by everyone who had the privilege of knowing him. His gentle personality was the very embodiment of lofty, noble, and sterling principles. His unselfishness, his genial disposition, his loyalty as a friend, his invariable readiness to be of

every assistance within his means, completed the image of a true Christian gentleman. The writer of these lines treasured the bonds of friendship which joined him with Mr. Clark as a source of real inspiration. Many precious and happy memories are connected with this friendly association of almost a quarter of a century.

In past years Mr. Clark favored the Museum with numerous gifts. Sometimes it would be a whole entomological library, sometimes a collection of thousands of butterflies and moths from Alaska or New Guinea which came into his hands from his field man engaged primarily in hunting sphingids. Now, with pride and gratitude, the Carnegie Museum enshrines this rich and worthy heritage of a life replete with practical idealism, munificence, and love for fellow men.

For perpetuity every specimen of the Clark Collection will be labeled as such so as to be identified with this unique enterprise of complete documentation on a large group of living forms. As matters stand at present, it is proposed not only to keep the collection as a unit but also to amplify it by some missing types from the collection of the Carnegie Museum. The collection bequeathed by Mr. Clark will thus remain a monument to a beautiful life and will continue to serve the interests of a science that he loved so fervently.

#### LET US HAVE PEACE

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

\* \* \*

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

—GEORGE WASHINGTON  
[Farewell Address]

## APPEAL TO GERMANY BY EMINENT BRITONS

*Manifesto on Peace and Co-operation by Eighteen Prominent  
British Citizens, January 27, 1939*

[This imploration to the German people on the part of leading citizens of Great Britain is directly in line with the prayer for peace that flows from the heart of America. International peace is particularly the goal of Andrew Carnegie's life work; he founded the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; and the Carnegie Institute, at Pittsburgh, has always been foremost among world organizations for the relief of humanity from the scourge of war. This appeal from England is reprinted here by the kind permission of the New York Times.]

A SPIRIT of uneasiness broods over the world. Men and women in every country are uncertain what the next weeks and months may bring.

They see huge armaments piling up on every side. They see plans being made for civilian defense and they realize only too vividly that war under modern conditions between highly organized States can bring no good, but only death and destruction to countless homes irrespective of age or sex.

They see our civilization, to which men and women of all classes and in all countries have contributed, threatened with the greatest catastrophe in human history.

It is time, if we are not to be too late, that men of good will who value the fruits of civilization, who have no hatred or spirit of revenge in their hearts and who desire in all sincerity to live on terms of friendship with their fellow men in every country, should speak across the frontiers to those who feel as they do in order that they may use together their gifts of heart and mind to co-operate in preventing the supreme catastrophe and in breaking down the artificial barriers of hatred by which we are in danger of being divided.

We in Britain have no desire to dictate to others. While resolutely determined to maintain our own liberty, we stand for peace—a peace of equality for all and of justice for all. We stand for the rule of law in the relations between States—the only basis on which our civilization can be preserved.

We recognize that no civilization if it is to survive can be static, but no nation will find a lasting solution of its problems save in a spirit of co-operation with others.

We appeal above all to the leaders and people in the Great German Reich at this moment of power and influence in their history. We appeal to them to use those great gifts by which they have for centuries enriched our common heritage in all fields of human knowledge and activity and to join with us in a supreme effort to lay the specter of war and enmity between nations and, in the spirit of free and willing co-operation by which alone can their needs and ours be satisfied, to build with us a better future so that we may not only preserve civilization but hand it down to our children enhanced by our experience.

THE MARQUESS OF WILLINGDON

THE EARL OF DERBY

VISCOUNT DAWSON OF PENN

LORD HORDER

LORD MACMILLAN

LORD STAMP

MONTAGU NORMAN

H. A. L. FISHER

G. M. TREVELYAN

LORD EUSTACE PERCY

SIR MICHAEL SADLER

DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

SIR WILLIAM BRAGG

SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON

SIR EDWIN LUYTENS

SIR KENNETH CLARK

JOHN MASEFIELD

LORD BURGHLEY

## JOHN KANE ENTERS THE PERMANENT COLLECTION

*Gift of a Painting from George D. Thompson*

**T**URTLE Creek Valley, Number One," by John Kane, has been presented by George D. Thompson to the Carnegie Institute for its permanent collection. This is the second painting presented by Mr. Thompson, for in 1936 the firm of Thompson & Taylor, of which he is a member, gave the Institute "Jim McKee," by Malcolm Parcell.

"Turtle Creek Valley, Number One" is painted on pressed board, which the artist found to be a very convenient surface on which to work; also it obviated the need of a stretcher. It is 25 inches in width by 19 inches in height, not dated, but known to be painted about 1930. It is signed "John Kane" in printed letters, on the lower edge a little to the left of the center. It was painted in the artist's home from numerous studies he made at the scene, one which he particularly liked to sketch. This scene first appeared in the painting, "Turtle Creek Valley toward Pittsburgh," which was awarded Second Honor in the Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh in 1928.

Some time after "Turtle Creek Valley, Number One" had been acquired by Mr. Thompson, Mr. Kane borrowed the painting and used it as the basis of a larger oil, "Turtle Creek Valley," now owned by Henry R. Luce. In the latter painting the composition is the same, but it includes much more of the valley, and many details were added.

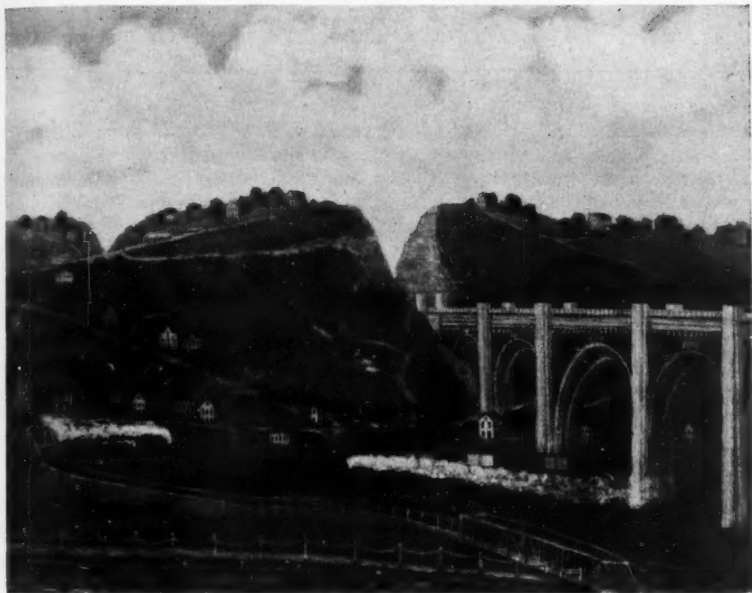
When "Turtle Creek Valley, Number One" was shown in the Memorial Exhibition of Paintings by John Kane at Carnegie Institute in 1936, it was catalogued as "Westinghouse Bridge, Number One." The bridge, which is shown on the right as it enters the cut in the hill, is sometimes called the gateway to Pittsburgh, and is the predominating feature of the painting. To the left of

it the valley spreads out, with railroads and foot bridges in the lower foreground.

How John Kane arranged and plotted his pictures is evidenced in the small painting space in which he encompassed a broad valley, its denuded hillsides, its little isolated frame homes with their vegetable gardens, the railroads with trains of cars in the foreground, and the feeling of industrial activity in the distance. The whole canvas contains the strange mixture of rural and industrial life which was so often the theme of the artist. It is interesting to observe how he leads the spectator's eye into the picture by bridges, roads, and tracks until a great concrete bridge is reached, and then out of the picture by way of the span with its high piers. There is pattern within pattern, and no part of the canvas is neglected; and there are arresting spots and color notes throughout, which are merged into a fascinating ensemble.

The artist's own comment as to why he painted such a scene is pertinent to an appreciation of this picture. He said, to quote from his autobiography:

"I have been asked why I am particularly interested in painting Pittsburgh, her mills with their plumes of smoke, her high hills and deep valleys and winding rivers. Because I find beauty everywhere in Pittsburgh. It is the beauty of the past which the present has not touched. The city is my own. I have worked on all parts of it, in building the blast furnaces and then in the mills and in paving the tracks that brought the first street cars out Fifth Avenue to Oakland. The filtration plant, the bridges that span the river, all these are my own. Why shouldn't I want to set them down when they are, to some extent, children of my labors, and when I see them always in the light



TURTLE CREEK VALLEY NO. 1 BY JOHN KANE (1860-1934)

of beauty? And when I see Pittsburgh I see it with my recollections as well as the way it now looks. And so I see it both the way God made it and as man changed it."

John Kane's story is too well known to need repeating here. His autobiography, as told to Marie McSwigan under the title, "Sky Hooks," was published last year by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Frank Crowninshield speaks of it as "a human document which possesses the charm, the dignity, the impressiveness of complete simplicity; a portrait, life size, of a heroic and, somehow, Biblical figure." John Kane was a laborer until that eventful day when his painting, "Scenes from the Scottish Highlands," was admitted to the 1927 Carnegie International. Three succeeding juries of admission voted his paintings into the Internationals of 1928, 1929, and 1930. Then he was directly invited by the Carnegie Institute to send to the 1931, 1933, and 1934 Internationals. When the 1934 International

opened, John Kane was dead. But his fame grows. He has become a legend. No important retrospective exhibition of American painting is held without a canvas by him. He is represented in the Phillips Memorial Gallery, the Addison Gallery of American Art, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Barnes Foundation, and in such private collections as those of Stephen C. Clark, Henry R. Luce, Adelaide De Groot, Robert H. Tannahill, W. C. Arkell, Cecil Beaton, William S. Paley, Mrs. Averell Harriman, Richard Dudensing II, and John Dewey.

J. O'C. JR.

#### ART AND NATURE

Art, as far as it is able, follows Nature, as a pupil imitates his master; thus your art must be, as it were, God's grandchild.

—DANTE

#### A VITAL MOVEMENT

The development of the doctrine of international arbitration, considered from the standpoint of its ultimate benefits to the human race, is the most vital movement of modern times.

—WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT



## THE GARDEN OF GOLD



It was ten minutes to five o'clock. The last letters were signed and in the mail. And the telephone rang. The voice was clear and strong.

"What is the wording," it said, "for making a bequest of money to the Carnegie Institute?"

"You simply say," was the reply, "that you bequeath so much money to the Carnegie Institute, at Pittsburgh; and, if agreeable to you, it should be left without being restricted to any special purpose."

Then came a friendly introduction of the voice to the Gardener; the voice belonged to a prominent attorney, and he was writing the will of an outstanding man blessed with this world's goods, and taking care of a thoughtful bequest to the Carnegie Institute.

Judging by similar calls on the telephone, there are a great many wills of that kind in existence; and although the Gardener hopes that many years will elapse before any of them become operative, it is a gratifying thing to learn from time to time that men and women are writing such gracious remembrances into their final dispositions.

But it is not all by will. Here comes a check to the Carnegie Institute for \$1,000 from an oft-proved friend for paleontological work, in the field of the giant dinosaurs—some of them over ninety feet long—and the rich quarries in Wyoming and Utah are still yielding new and unknown specimens which lived in the Great West more than a hundred million years ago.

The Endowment Fund of the Carnegie Institute of Technology grows constantly and rapidly. Two former students have just sent in checks for \$100 apiece—this being the third such gift in each case. Modestly they ask that these gifts be recorded without their names; we wish it were not so. In 1946 every dollar given to this Tech

fund will be worth three dollars because the Carnegie Corporation of New York will give Tech \$8,000,000 in that year provided we raise \$4,000,000; and these reports show that we are approaching our side of this huge endowment, although we have a long way to go.

We know of wills made for Carnegie Tech as well as for the Carnegie Institute—the language in that case is, I bequeath to the Carnegie Institute of Technology, at Pittsburgh. In one such will there is a princely gift of \$600,000, which in its turn will be worth \$1,800,000 in 1946.

But we must stand to one side. What is this army of boys and girls coming into the Garden of Gold? Why, the line is so long that we cannot see the end of it; but onward it comes, happy, confident, generous, and free—American boys and girls, surging forward to give their gifts toward this great enterprise. There were 158 loyal members of the Alumni Federation in the line last month; we have 82 in our list this month with a total of \$480.70, worth \$1,442.10 in 1946. Could any cause fail with such loyalty and enthusiasm? Fail? It will not even lag. Here are their names: Miriam Bond Channing, Fred B. Kelsey Jr., Charles Krane, H. F. Peterson, Grace M. Rupert, Helen E. White, Walther L. Havekotte, Members of the Mortar Board Society, Marling J. Ankeny, James A. Barber, Joseph D. Batcheller, Carl A. Baumann, Eleanor C. Berglund, Ernest A. Berglund, Barton R. Biever, George S. Blair, Eliza Dickey Blair, Henry H. Blau, E. Louise Boggess, A. Bowland, John J. Boyle Jr., Elizabeth S. Brannon, J. Richard Brindell, Charles J. Bushong, Thomas F. Campbell, Mario C. Celli, Lily C. Challinor, Anne C. Darling, Joseph F. Christoff, Charles E. Crede, Helen G. De Philip, Leah K. Dietrich, William A. Dilks, Mary Hartman Dunham,



## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Hannah Eastman, Marcella W. Finn, Jane E. Ford, Charlotte Durie Garson, Frances Wing Graham, M. Edwin Green, C. E. Guignon, Janet A. Jamieson, Byron L. Keim, Edward H. Keller, Robert Lackner, Ritchie Lawrie, L. H. Lee, L. W. Link, Alexander J. Lois, J. F. Maloney, J. B. McMahon, Frances M. Miller, Alfred A. Nickel, J. R. Olnhausen, Robert F. Plott, Rebecca M. Pontius, Betty Preller, Dorothy Pritchard, Elizabeth Ramsay, Clark D. Read, Maurice Reswick, W. H. Rieger, Reginald Rowley, Helen Rupp, Natalie H. Sabol, Katherine Shuman, Herman Silver, William Sivitz, Charlotte Smith, Henry M. Strouss, James F. Tabler, Irene Thomas, Paul J. Unzicker, Louis L. Vayda, Harry R. Wall, J. Paul War-

ner, George F. Weaton, Miriam A. Weikert, Barbara White, Nora Willetts, Grace A. Wolf, and Elizabeth M. Yagle.

Adding the gifts acknowledged this month—\$1,000 for the Carnegie Institute and \$680.70 for the Carnegie Institute of Technology—to the total sums that have been recorded month by month in the Garden of Gold since April, 1927, and reported in the February, 1939, issue of the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*, we have the following amounts: for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,239,781.49; for the Carnegie Library, \$21,822.50; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$1,535,491.96; or a grand total of \$2,797,095.95.

How long before we pass the \$3,000,000 mark?

## COMING EXHIBITIONS

**I**N accordance with the custom of the Carnegie Institute, the galleries will be in full use during the spring months.

The annual International Water-Color Exhibition, which comes to the Institute galleries each spring, will be shown on the Balcony of Sculpture Hall this year from March 30 to April 30. The American Landscape Exhibition, which opens on March 22, will also be shown until April 30.

The day after these two shows close, May 1, will be the opening day for the twelfth annual high-school exhibition of arts and crafts, sponsored by the Scholastic, the American high-school weekly magazine. This exhibition has become a traditional part of the art calendar of Pittsburgh, and will consist of a most varied collection of all types of art work. There will be entries in painting—both water color and oils—in pencil sketching, in textiles, art-metal work, pottery, wood sculpture, statuettes, poster work, mechanical drawing, and design, filling three galleries and containing eight hundred or

more pieces of creative work done by high-school students from all over this country and Canada. The average number of entries in these yearly Scholastic art competitions is ten thousand, and from these the judges choose the winners and also those pieces most worthy for presentation to the public.

May will also bring other exhibitions to the Institute. The Lockhart Print Collection will be shown on the Balcony from May 4 to June 30; and there will be two one-man shows. The paintings and drawings of Bernard Karfiol will be on exhibit from May 9 to June 4, and at the same time in another gallery those of Jon Corbino. These artists have exhibited in many famous shows, including the Carnegie International, and, through the Patrons Art Fund, the Institute acquired Mr. Karfiol's "Christina" for the permanent collection from the 1937 International Exhibition.

The annual exhibition of paintings by Pittsburgh artists will be the final one of the year, and will be shown from the middle of June until July 31.

## THE 1939 SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

By H. F. ROBERTSON

*Fellow, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research*



THE 1939 Salon of Photographic Art, which opens on March 24 at the Carnegie Institute, may once again be considered as indicative of the trend in photography, both in this country and abroad.

Many of the prints to be found here are from the cameras of careful workers—those who believe that the composition of a photograph and the quality of its tone values are the criteria of merit. Other prints on exhibition have been made by photographers who hold the view that originality is the all-important essential—persons who think that an unoriginal subject, even if well done, is no longer of interest, and who, therefore, are more content to use their energy in contriving to photograph something in a new way than they are to spend long hours trying to get the best out of a negative with the medium at hand. Irrespective of whether or not the prints in the 1939 Pittsburgh Salon were obtained by careful workmanship or by trying ingeniously to photograph something in a new way, almost all of them required considerable sincere effort—the effort necessary to render their prints outstanding. Whistler, in his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" said: "To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labor, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view." Such a statement does not, of

course, apply to photography as, in most cases, the amount of earnest labor expended can be seen in the quality and originality of the print.

Somewhat over twenty-three hundred prints were submitted to the jury, and from these pictures approximately three hundred and fifty were chosen for the present Salon. The jury consisted of Alfred De Lardi, of Philadelphia, who served last year; Herman A. Scherrer, of Indianapolis; and Charles Lederle, of Erie. As is the usual custom, each of the jurors was invited to submit three prints for hanging.

The trend toward the use of glossy paper, in order to take advantage of the ability of the camera to effect accurate detail seems to be continuing. This practice is especially apparent in the



AGES OLD BY J. F. ABBOTT



WINTER SPORT BY L. A. OLSEN

foreign prints, a large number of which are on glossy paper. The popularity of toned prints also appears to be increasing. Many of the winter pictures are blue-toned, other prints are in warm brown tones, while several that were submitted to the jury were done in reds, mustard colors, and greens. The availability of new papers that develop into warm brown tones might have some influence on this trend.

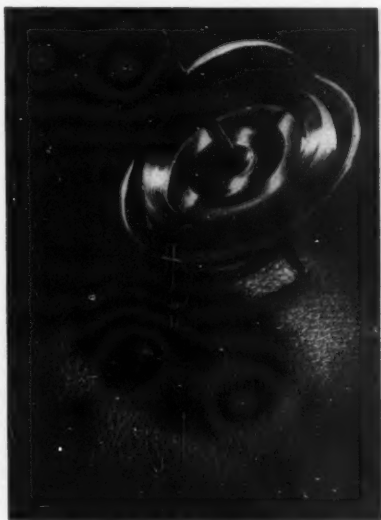
In addition to the many monochrome prints in various shades, there are several which show the mastery of the art of local toning, as in the illusion of molten metal. Color, though, is not limited to the monochrome in the Salon.

An increased number of color prints were submitted to the jury, indicating that more and more workers are becoming interested in this field. It is probable that color printing processes are still too complicated for the general worker. This appears to be even more true if an attempt is made to produce a color print by preparing color separation negatives from a colored transparency. Several prints submitted to the jury that were made by such a process were much too strong in contrast, while, with others, the colors were not

accurate. In the case of monochromatic prints, three factors—namely, composition, tone value, or quality and subject—determine whether or not a print has merit and the composition is dependent on correctly placing the points of interest in space. With color prints, however, composition is more than an arrangement in space, and hence thought

has to be given to the choice of colors themselves, irrespective of their position in the picture. This consideration was overlooked by several workers who submitted color prints.

The influence of new and improved equipment and materials can also be seen



EQUILIBRIUM BY RALPH E. DAY

## CHILDREN AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE



"THY TEMPLED HILLS" BY B. H. CHATTO

in the Salon—equipment and materials allowing the stopping of movement while retaining depth of focus that make it possible to use shorter exposures at night or under adverse lighting conditions, that permit the taking of photographs almost into the sun without halation—the spreading of light beyond its proper boundaries—that allow great enlargement of small negatives, all of which improvements make the pictorialist's work easier but do not produce salon prints. This privilege belongs to the worker, not to the equipment; and, as long as it does so, it will be an honor for the man, not for the machine, to have prints hung by such Salons as that which Pittsburgh is proud to possess.

The show closes April 23.

### DID THEY FORGET?

The ancients builded for tomorrow in another world; they forgot that all of us have a today in this. They left astounding testimony to human genius and tenacity, majestic creations which can uplift the spirit of anyone who has eyes to see; but with all their dreams in stone to the glory of their gods, they kept simple man a beast of burden.

—JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE great work of education at the Carnegie Institute brought a total of 3,036 children through the big doors during the month of February, 1939. Their footsteps echoed through the halls into the Department of Fine Arts and into the various sections of the Carnegie Museum. To these children, Greek art as well as that of the modern world can never more be but a name, and for them, too, the science of natural history has opened wide its pages. The sights and sounds of Nature's world—the songs of the birds, the first flowers of spring—will have added beauty to their ears and eyes.

This outstanding educational work is being done, not only for the boys and girls of the greater Pittsburgh area and Allegheny County, but also for the school children of towns and cities many miles away. Public, parochial, and private school administrators are co-operating with the Carnegie Institute to make a better world for the children of today and tomorrow.

### STILL MUST WE PERSEVERE

It was the human spirit itself that failed at Paris. It is no use passing judgments and making scapegoats of this or that individual statesman or group of statesmen. Idealists make a great mistake in not facing the real facts sincerely and resolutely. They believe in the power of the spirit, in the goodness which is at the heart of things, in the triumph which is in store for the great moral ideals of the race. But this faith only too often leads to an optimism which is sadly and fatally at variance with actual results. It is the realist and not the idealist who is generally justified by events. We forget that the human spirit, the spirit of goodness and truth in the world, is still only an infant crying in the night, and that the struggle with darkness is as yet mostly an unequal struggle. . . . Paris proved this terrible truth once more. It was not Wilson who failed there, but humanity itself. It was not the statesmen that failed, so much as the spirit of the peoples behind him.

—GENERAL JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS

### SLOW-FOOTED DEMOCRACIES

Democracies always lag two years behind dictators.

—STANLEY BALDWIN

# PRINTS BY JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER

*Institute Shows Etchings and Lithographs from Its Own Collection*

JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER was himself responsible for the story that he left West Point in his third year because the professor of chemistry did not agree with him that silicon was a gas and insisted that it was a metal. Whistler asked Jefferson Davis, who was then Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Pierce, for reinstatement and went so far as to say that if reinstated he would agree that silicon was a metal. His petition was not granted, but through the good office of Jefferson Davis he became an official in the United States Coast Survey. One of his duties was to engrave maps, and so began his first interest in the making of prints. In the service he engraved random sketches on the plates which were intended for maps. When one of these was confiscated, he observed that it was quite unwarrantable to remove a plate from the hands of its author without sufficient notice and that he would thereby be unable either to finish the map or remove those sketches, which were meant only temporarily to enliven and ornament it.

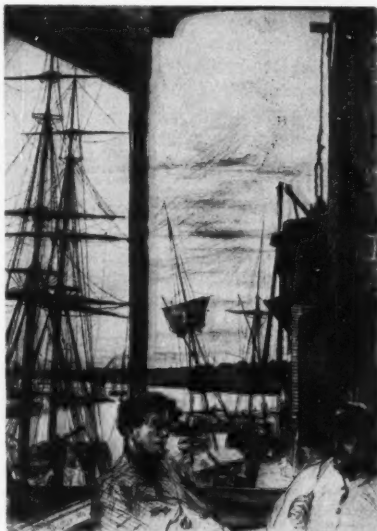
In 1855 Whistler went to Paris to study art, and his first productive work was with the needle and copper plate. Thirteen etchings, generally called "The French Set," were published in

1859, after he had worked seriously for only a year or two. His work in etching was not continuous, and his second set of etchings—"The Thames Set," sixteen in number—did not appear until 1871. During his lifetime, however, he produced some four hundred and sixty etchings.

Whistler did not take up lithography until 1878, when the methods and procedure of the art were explained to him by Thomas Way. From that time until 1896 he worked intermittently in lithography, doing some one hundred and sixty-three subjects. He found it a medium more sympathetic and personal even than the copper plate.

While art was something sacred to Whistler, he was so indifferent to many things that it is surprising to find Logan Pearsall

Smith relating that Whistler could have told at any moment in what gallery or private collection any of his paintings might be found. If that is true, he must have recalled the name of the Carnegie Institute on numerous occasions. It is to the honor of the Institute that it was the first public gallery in America to purchase one of his paintings—"Sarasate," which has hung in the permanent collection since 1896. In addition, the Institute owns seventy-three of his prints—twenty-four etchings and forty-



ROTHERRITHE  
(Etching)

By JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER



nine lithographs. They are now on exhibition in Gallery I and will continue to be shown there through March 26.

Frederick Wedmore, in an article on Whistler, gives much more space to a discussion of his etchings than of his paintings, and he says that Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Méryon, and Claude are, in fact, the only names among masters of the art of etching that are worthy to be pronounced beside his own.

It can be said that Whistler played a significant part in the nineteenth-century revival of etching, and he helped to reclaim the art of lithography from the hands of the commercial lithographers.

Whistler once said that in art it is criminal to go beyond the means used in its exercise, and he was careful to keep that dictum in mind in his etching and lithography. His approach to each medium was with the utmost understanding, respect, and control for the scope and limitations of each. In etching, line was his chief concern. Observe in "Rotherhithe" his command of line, his draftsmanship, and the fine pattern made by the masts and rigging of the vessels. His etchings tell the story of his almost infinite technical resources and his ability to render in black and white the effects of atmosphere and the contrasts of light and shadow.

His lithographs seem to be the work of happy inspiration. There is a lightness of touch about them, and at times they seem almost ephemeral. Masters of lithography sometimes produce in their work a velvety black, but not so Whistler. His lithographs are marked by their delicacy of tone, and a feeling of freshness and spontaneity. There is economy in his drawing, and he envelops his figures and buildings with poetic mystery. In lithography, as in etching, he remains always one of its chief exponents.

J. O'C. JR.

#### MONEY OF DEMOCRACY

America is the only country which spends more upon education than on war or preparation for war.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

## TECH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

THE Carnegie Institute of Technology will hold its thirty-third annual exhibition from 7:30 to 10:30 P.M. on Friday evening, April 28. All the buildings on the campus will be open for inspection, with special features of departmental work shown in varied and interesting displays. The building of a house in the Masonry Shop in the College of Engineering, music in the Little Theater in the College of Fine Arts, and a playroom for children in the Margaret Morrison Carnegie College will be a few highlights of the evening.

## FREE LECTURES

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

DR. BIDWELL'S LENTEN SERIES

SATURDAY AT 8:15 IN MUSIC HALL

MARCH

25—"Widor, Father of French Organists."

APRIL

1—"The Spirit of Romanticism."

## PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

Free Motion Pictures for Children are shown at 2:15 each Saturday in the Carnegie Lecture Hall, from November to March, inclusive. The films are especially selected—nature, industry, travel, full-length features, and comedies.

At 3:00 P.M. each Saturday there is a Story Hour in the Boys and Girls Room of the Carnegie Library to which all children are invited.

## THE VALUE OF TRADITIONS

In order to think and to form the habit of thinking, one must have a point of departure. That point of departure may safely be taken in deep-rooted respect for what has been, for what has lasted, for what has charmed and delighted generation after generation and century after century. No one can intelligently face forward who has never looked intelligently back.

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

While all melts under our feet we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems, by a lifted horizon, to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange flowers, and curious odors, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend.

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.

—PATER



## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing "Kind Lady" by Edward Chodorov

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

*Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology*



IF the intention of Edward Chodorov, the author of "Kind Lady," was that of the Fat Boy in Pickwick—"I wants to make your flesh creep"—he achieved his end admirably as far as the spectators of the play at the

Little Theater last month were concerned. The visible shivers that ran through the audience at each foiled attempt of the enmeshed Miss Herries to escape her persecutors, and the audible sigh of relief when she finally succeeded in communicating with the outside world would surely have delighted the author had he been present, and must have been very gratifying to Henry Boettcher, who so ably directed the play. The villains just missed a good old-fashioned hiss, and the spontaneous applause that greeted the exit of the young bank clerk who was the instrument of Miss Herries' escape was a moral tribute to the triumph of virtue rather than to the actor's accomplishments.

For, frankly, "Kind Lady" is a melodrama, though an excellent one. The story, examined in the cold light of reflection, is hardly credible; and it was something of a tour de force on the part of the author, the director, and the performers to have made us forget its improbability while we were in the theater. That "suspension of disbelief" which Coleridge said was essential to the enjoyment of a play by Shakespeare was as readily granted to "Kind Lady"

by the audience as it would have been to "The Merchant of Venice."

"Kind Lady" was adapted by Mr. Chodorov from "The Silver Mask," a short story by Hugh Walpole. Its heroine, Mary Herries, is a mildly eccentric elderly lady who lives alone, except for her servants, in a nice old London house. She is evidently well-to-do and a person of taste and culture, for she collects old masters—El Greco, if you please!—and T'ang—or perhaps it is only Ming—pottery. We are given to understand that she is something of a recluse, although, in the first act we find no less than three persons calling on her while she is at the opera—hardly a likely hour to call on a serious recluse. On her return from the opera, she finds on her doorstep, or near it, a starving young man by the name of Henry Abbott. Charitably she takes him into her house for food, and he turns out to be a cultivated fellow with a nice taste in pictures. He tells her a pitiful tale of a starving wife and baby, and departs, having first pocketed her jade cigarette case. Some days later he returns with the cigarette case, depositing his wife and child on the sidewalk outside the house. He is most insistent this time that Miss Herries buy one of his rather bad paintings, and more to get rid of him than for any other reason, she does so. After the transaction, as he is pointing out his family to Miss Herries through the window, the wife faints, and the "kind lady" has her brought into the house and put to bed. She wishes to send the maid for her doctor, but Abbott rushes out and brings in his own doctor, who declares that the woman is seriously ill and must remain where she is indefinitely. From now on



SCENE FROM "KIND LADY"—STUDENT PLAYERS

OTTO AUSTIN

this grisly band—for the "doctor" is, of course, an accomplice—takes possession of Miss Herries and her house. Her servants leave, and their places are taken by more confederates of Abbott's—Edwards, an ex-convict, his stalwart wife, and their half-witted daughter, Aggie. Miss Herries' friends are told—and apparently believe—that she has gone on a journey to America, leaving no forwarding address. The house door is locked, the windows shuttered, and Henry Abbott and his band proceed to drive the poor lady slowly crazy. A message that she tries to send to her friends, through a dealer who has come to look over her pictures, is intercepted by Henry, who has no difficulty in persuading the dealer that she is not responsible for her actions. Finally, a young man from her bank comes to the house at a moment when her persecutors happen to be off guard. He believes her tale and leaves the house with a note. In about five minutes the police—with truly admirable promptness—are heard battering on the hall-door; Miss Herries rises, saying, "I will go and open it myself"; and the audience breathes again.

In Sir Hugh Walpole's story the outcome is tragic: Miss Herries perishes miserably. I am told that originally the

play, too, ended unhappily. But a melodrama has no right to leave its heroine in distress, and the author has mercifully allowed us a happy ending.

Granted that a good deal of the plot taxes one's credulity, the play yet provides excellent dramatic entertainment, and the author has shown himself a master in the art of making the blood run cold. The suave and sinister Henry Abbott is a really terrifying figure, and his attendant devils—for he, of course, is "the brains of the organization"—make up as unpleasant a crowd as I have seen on the stage for a long time. The scene in which the ex-convict Edwards hints to his wife of dark crimes in the past, and her delighted admiration of his prowess is excellent. Perhaps the introduction of two half-wits into the same play—for Ada, the wife, is also "lacking"—may seem excessive, but Mr. Chodorov is not afraid of the macaber. The earlier scenes, before the villainy begins, are much less successful. A pair of bright young lovers—Miss Herries' niece and her fiancé—provided as fearsome a bit of what I suppose was intended to be light comedy as I ever remember, and I do not think it was the actors' fault either.

The performance of "Kind Lady" was very creditable. There was excel-

lent ensemble playing. With a few exceptions the first cast I saw seemed the better, though the Ada of the second gave a fine display of sheer witlessness, its Edwards was a convincing brute, and there was a nice little sketch of the faithful housemaid Rose. Though the second Henry Abbott gave a sound enough performance, he did not succeed so well as the first in conveying the cold and sinister quality of the man. The Cockney characters had—inevitably, I suppose—trouble with that most dif-

ficult and elusive of dialects. There was a superabundance of "lydies" and "bybies," and dropped and added aspirates, and, though the Cockney mispronunciations were approximately correct, there was little attempt to capture the Cockney intonation. The first Miss Herries was sympathetically played and her gradual disintegration under her misfortunes cleverly shown. The performance of the idiotic little girl Aggie added to the gruesome effect of the scenes in which she appeared.

## ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBIT

THE architects of Pittsburgh, who were very badly used during the great depression, have finally come back. Signalizing their return, is an exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, beginning March 25, sponsored by and presenting the work of the members of the Pittsburgh Chapter, American Institute of Architects.

It should be borne in mind that an architect's work is in wood and stone—material things that are on exhibition always. Thus a studio show is after all only a faint echo of the real stuff of architecture. For this reason, architects do not make as much of exhibits as the painters.

Nevertheless, there is great popular interest in reproductions of architecture. There is an art in the presentation of architecture by drawing and by photograph, and it is this art that the Pittsburgh exhibit will illustrate.

The chief single exhibitor will be the Department of Architecture of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, with a large section of the wall devoted to student work. Then there will be the work of individual Chapter members. It is hoped that this will consist chiefly of photographs of completed work, and it should contain some very interesting examples. It is ten years or more since

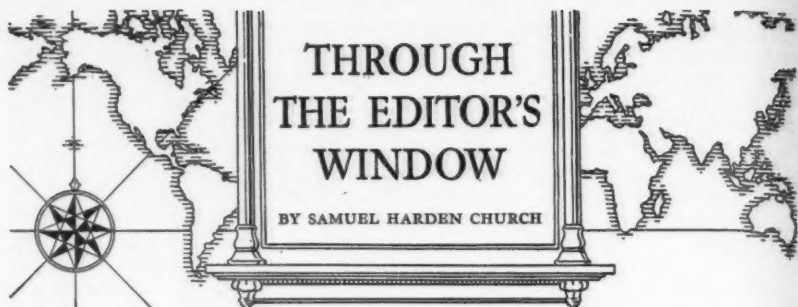
an exhibit has been held here, which means that the offices of Chapter members should have accumulated a quantity of good work.

In addition to photographs, there will be a section devoted to architectural renderings, color studies, and water colors, which should be a very interesting group. Of course, there will be some rendered plans, but the visitors who want to see blueprints will be disappointed because there will be none. The mechanical and structural aspect of the architect's work will be subordinated to that of fine art, which is as it should be.

The architect, though he be business man and engineer and promoter, is after all an artist; he it is who conceives the image and then supervises its materialization. It is the architect's success as designer in wood and stone upon which his reputation finally rests, and it is therefore architecture as a fine art to which this exhibit is devoted.

Models of architectural projects and designs have also been promised for the exhibition, which will be shown in the galleries until April 9.

—LAWRENCE WOLFE  
[President, Pittsburgh Chapter,  
The American Institute of Architects]



#### DO WE APPROACH PEACE?

**A**LTHOUGH the world may burst into flames at any moment, the atmosphere seems to be less full of smoke and sulphur today than one month ago. We can almost hear the steps by which those statesmen who are moved by humane motives have drawn nearer to an understanding with those two dictators who are moved by inhumane motives. The first appeasement of the spirit of Bombastes Furioso was beyond question due to the rearmament of England. The bandit terrifies his victim only when the victim is unarmed. The umbrella that Mr. Chamberlain carried to Munich last September was no protection against the hurricane with which he was there threatened; but when, five months later, he had armed his country to the teeth, although still carrying his umbrella, he dumfounded his foes by quoting those significant lines from Shakespeare

Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them.

And thereupon Mr. Hitler has suddenly ceased from his daily utterance of blood and thunder; and lo! Mr. Mussolini roars you as gently as any sucking dove.

The world, in its hungry desire for peace, must not be over-confident; but even though the skies above are still laden with clouds, there is something resembling a silver lining that begins to shine through them.

In today's newspaper someone speaks

of the possibility of a confederated Europe. The idea is not new; it was first proposed by Hugo De Groot early in the seventeenth century. Louis XIV, when his early military victories were interrupted by Marlborough, said that confederation would be a good idea. But wars came again and scorched the earth; and then every nation on the globe sent her ministers to Paris, and they all signed the Kellogg-Briand pact declaring and agreeing that war should be no more.

That was what the people of the world wanted, and all states disarmed but three—Germany, Italy, and Japan—and when a false security had enveloped the others, the three powers which had thus outlawed themselves began the work of murder and destruction; and through their example civil war broke out in Spain.

But there are signs on every hand that the people are weary and disgusted with the treachery of their leaders. Winston Churchill has expressed the hope that the peace-loving and moderate forces in Germany, together with the heads of the German army, may soon come into an agreement permitting the re-establishment of something like sane and civilized conditions in that country. Official statements at Berlin in the past few days almost foretell that something of this kind is on the way. In Italy the same quiet upheavals of opinion are taking place. With Japan the story is not so hopeful. But the people everywhere are tired of their tyrants and of



the dangers and oppressions which come to them from tyrants. It is an axiom in history that no dictator has ever reached old age; and a suffering world, whose social uplift has been stopped by the necessity for spending its gold for rearmament, will be overjoyed when the war-makers in these three countries are politically unseated. Then, perhaps, confederation may come through a more redoubtable League of Nations.

## REDEEMING AMERICA

A BODY of American citizens, meeting recently at Washington, and having no purpose but the welfare, prosperity, and liberty of our nation, have petitioned Congress to suspend immigration for ten years and to reduce permanently the immigration quotas by ninety per cent. They also ask the prompt deportation of all foreigners in the United States whose presence is inimical to the public interest; the registration of all aliens now here; the deportation of aliens whose presence constitutes a burden on the American taxpayer; restriction of employment on public projects and public relief to our own citizens; absolute prohibition of the admission of refugees entering the United States in the guise of visitors; and the rigid enforcement of all existing statutes relating to the deportation of illegal entrants into this country.

It is an elaborate and for the most part a sensible program, and it is high time that the citizenship of the United States should be compacted on somewhat similar lines. In former times it was the habit of every Fourth of July orator to shout the assurance that this country is the asylum for the poor and the oppressed of every nation. The gates were kept wide open and the flood poured in. No thought was given to character, to attainments, to opinions. The men who came here on this invitation, whose presence elevated the standard of our civilization, were accompanied on the same ships by those who brought a destructive theory of government; and

while liberty and democracy were glorified by the one group, the foreign systems that held men in poverty and chains were exploited by the second group as the objectives of their newer energies.

This indiscriminating hospitality has borne its natural fruit. Today we are witnessing the frequent gatherings of men and women who without compunction violate the right of assembly and of free speech to unfurl their foreign flags and advocate the substitution of Communism, Naziism, Fascism, Socialism, and even Nihilism for the republican form of government by which the fathers of our country established freedom and equality to us and to our children, and proclaimed liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

The growth of technology in American industry is having a certain disturbing influence in replacing men with machines, and this fact accounts in part, but relatively only in a small part, for the unemployment that exists today. As technology spreads, it is a fixed law that labor is ultimately benefited, as we can perceive in the creation of the automobile to take the place of the horse and buggy. It will be so in every new invention that is brought forth from the brain of science, and new inventions are appearing every day. But while this pitiful unemployment exists, the jobs that are open should be available only to American citizens, and all others who are burdening our tax lists should be sent home. As a matter of fact there have been, in the past five years, 325,000 more of our foreign visitors return permanently to their former homes in Europe than have come to our shores during that time in new immigration. That is as it should be. The governments in Europe should by this time be able to provide all their people with a comfortable standard of living, and they can do so if they will abolish war. In the meantime it is clear to all beholders—and has been so for ten years past—that although the United States can

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

provide for her own, she cannot provide for her indigent guests except through a taxation on her own people which in that period of time has run into billions of borrowed money.

Congress, apparently, is viewing with favor these demands for the restriction of immigration and the kindred topics that have accompanied them; and the opportunity is now presented for tightening up the whole mass of our citizenship so as to compact the population of America into a nation that can find work, that knows what liberty is and loves it, and that will adore the flag as the symbol of the best government that has ever blessed humanity.

### "ADDRESS UNKNOWN"

AFTER reading an abbreviation of this story in the Reader's Digest, I bought the complete book and am impressed with it as the best short story I have ever read. Starting upon a foundation of warm friendship and business partnership, this situation is suddenly broken down by the frightful transgression of one of the men, whereupon a revenge is put upon him which is appalling in its inexorable punishment. The story is better than anything I can recall in Poe or Maupassant, and the manner in which it reaches its conclusion is as dramatic as anything in the Greek tragedies.

## RADIO PROGRAMS

### CARNEGIE MUSEUM AND DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

OVER KDKA: SATURDAY AT 2:45 P. M.

#### MARCH

18—"Flowers of Easter," by O. E. Jennings, Curator of Botany and Director of Education, Carnegie Museum.

25—Junior Naturalists Clubs Program.

#### APRIL

1—"Exploring for Fossils in the West" (Dramatization) by J. LeRoy Kay, Acting Curator, Section of Paleontology.

8 and 15—"Exploring for Fossils in the West," by Mr. Kay.

22—"Greek Athletes in Marble," by Mrs. Florence Williams Nicholas, Docent, Department of Fine Arts.

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